



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, ANECDOTES, &amp;c.

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## SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

**A Sketch of Fashionable Life;**  
A TALE.

'WHAT a miserable state of existence this is,' said Isabelle Selwyn, 'I am sick of the world, there is nothing to enjoy, nothing to live for!'

'You of all people to say that,' said Alice Jones, 'you who have every thing you want, and every body at your command! Who has been so much admired as you this evening? you had half a dozen invitations to dance every cotillion, and kept the floor the whole time.'

'And do you think that is any happiness?' said the young beauty, scornfully.

'I think,' replied Alice, 'it is very pleasant when you go to a ball to be asked to dance.'

'I hope you have enjoyed the evening,' said Isabelle, recollecting that her guest was entitled to some courtesy.

'Yes,' said Alice, 'it was happiness enough for me to look on.'

'Did not you dance?' inquired Isabelle.

'No,' replied she, 'I was not asked.'

'Abominable! but, at least, you escape the tired, fagged feeling I have. I would have given all the world to have sat down, after the four first sets of cotillions.'

'Why did you not then?' said Alice.

'Because every body would have thought I could not get a partner; but I am determined I won't go to any more balls. I hate dancing, and I hate people, and I hate iced creams and oysters, and, what under the sun is there to go to parties for, when that is the case?'

'I don't know,' said Alice, laughing; 'I confess I like all these; and, if I could have danced once or twice, I should have been quite happy; as it was, I had a very pleasant evening, and I consoled myself for not dancing, because my white kid gloves are not the least soiled, and, perhaps, I shall have better luck another evening.'

'Heavens!' exclaimed Isabelle, 'what different scales we are graduated upon! I could not have conceived of greater misery, than to be obliged to look on and see others

dance a whole evening and not be asked once myself.'

'You forget,' said Alice, 'that it is all new to me. I never was at a *real* ball before; at B——, we never mustered more than nine or ten couple, and the whole pleasure consisted in dancing; but, to-night it was like going to the theatre; such beautiful dresses, such—'

'Don't trouble yourself to enumerate your pleasures,' said Isabelle, peevishly; 'I am glad you found enjoyment in any thing, it was more than I did; but do for heaven's sake, let us go to bed, I declare I am so tired that I can't undress.'

'Let me help you,' said Alice.

'No, thank you, I'll ring for Becky.' Becky came at the summons, looking quite as tired and sleepy as her mistress.

'Get me a glass of water,' said Isabelle. Becky went at her command.

'Only think of poor Becky's being up so late,' said Alice; 'it is after two o'clock.'

'Well,' returned Isabelle, 'and a'n't we up late?'

'O yes,' said Alice; 'but then it is very different with us; we have been all the time enjoying ourselves, and she has had nothing to do but try to keep awake and wait for us. I know from experience it is the hardest thing you can do to sit up very late, waiting for any body, and yet obliged to keep awake, as you said just now,' added Alice, 'I can't conceive of greater misery.'

'As for that matter,' said Isabelle, 'it is not our look out; she is paid for her labor, and if she don't like her work she can quit; it is a voluntary matter with her, but it is not voluntary with us; if we once get into a ball-room, there we must stay.'

'At least,' said Alice, 'our going is voluntary.'

'I ask your pardon,' said Isabelle; 'your going might be voluntary, but I went quite against my inclination, and I always have an awful time when I do.'

'I hope,' said Alice, 'you did not go on my account—'

The entrance of Becky with the glass of water, relieved Isabelle from a reply.

'Here, Becky,' said the young lady, 'unclasp my bracelets, take off my necklace, take these flowers out of my hair. O, for mercy's sake don't pull so, take care, you'll break my pearl spring. O, gracious, this string has got into a knot?'

Alice stood patiently looking on, while the waiting-maid went through her operations; at length there was a pause, for Isabelle threw herself back in her chair, shut her eyes, let her arms fall, and declared she was positively dead!

Alice now modestly requested Becky to untie the upper string of her gown, which she could not get at herself; it was all the assistance she required, and in a few moments she was ready for bed.

'Which side shall I sleep on?' said she.

'Just which you please,' replied Isabelle, 'I usually sleep on *this*.'

Alice, with a light step, sprung into the opposite one, and before the weary beauty had taken off her dress, was in a calm and tranquil slumber.

Not so Isabelle: clad in her cambric night dress, with flushed cheeks and a disturbed brow, she took her place by her side, but not to sleep; her own reflections 'murdered sleep.' It was true, she had been *the belle*, a distinction that can belong only to *one* on the same evening, which gives a peculiar zest. Every beau, of any pretensions, had asked her to dance; no, not every one; Frank Moreton had stood aloof, and alas! Frank had been the Mordecai that had destroyed her enjoyment for the evening.

\*Isabelle was not only a beauty, but the actual possessor of ten thousand dollars, which was magnified by a liberal public, to whom the multiplicand costs nothing, into three times ten; her father died when she was about nine years old, and left this only daughter, with an only son to the care of a doting mother; the son went through the usual routine of a boy's education, first of school and college; studied law, and prevailed on his mother to furnish him with funds for traveling. As for Isabelle, it must be acknowledged that her mother had the strong-

est desire that she should be accomplished and well educated, but then it must be done without giving the poor thing much trouble; she could not get *long lessons*, that was out of the question. She had a mortal aversion to geography, and as for grammar, her mother assured her instructors that it was wholly unnecessary to trouble her about that, for she had a natural propensity to speaking good grammar. Certain it is, she worried through two years at one of the most celebrated Lyceums; carried Latin, Italian, and French books in her satchel; took two quarters instruction in music; painted flowers in the *Honfleur* style; and then was announced to the world as the beautiful and accomplished Miss Selwyn. Her dancing was the only 'branch of her education' that had been thoroughly attended to; for Mrs. Selwyn said, 'Nature seemed to point out dancing, and she always thought nature ought to be consulted; that there could not be any thing more unnatural than the branches of education that were usually taught; but Isabelle never objected to dancing, she was always willing to begin a new term.' And the truth was, she excelled in this accomplishment; she could waltz till her partner grew giddy, turn pirouettes to the astonishment of all beholders, and dance the shawl dance to a charm; as to her exterior, her eyes were celestial blue; her hair, and she was extremely particular that her curls should match it, a golden auburn, her figure fine, and in short nothing wanting to make a belle—and a belle she was.

There were circumstances that made it 'highly proper,' we use her own words, for Mrs. Selwyn to invite Alice Jones to pass several months with them. Her parents resided in the obscure little country town where Mrs. Selwyn was obliged to acknowledge, when questioned, she herself was born: their attention had at that time been important to her; and Mrs. Selwyn was actually married from their house. They had kept their place of respectable intelligent citizens; had brought up and married a large family; and Alice, their youngest, only remained; on her, they had lavished every advantage of education within their means; and Mrs. Selwyn felt as if it was 'highly proper' to *cancel* her early obligations, by inviting her to come and receive the last polish that fashionable society gives. The invitation was accepted. Isabelle was sure she would be a bore; what could she do with her? but there was no help for it. Alice came, and the evening which introduces our story was her first appearance at a ball. She had seen Isabelle decked with jewels and her fine form set off by the elegance of fashion and dress without one pang of envy; her own simple wardrobe was according to the humble fortune of her father, and it must be confessed, did no great credit

to the mantua-makers of B—; as there was no pretension, however, there was nothing ridiculous, and it may be safely said she excited no observation. The evening, to her, had been full of expectation, and it had passed without disappointment; she had made up her mind that nobody would speak to her, for she knew nobody, and it turned out just as she had predicted; but she was blessed with eyes and ears, she could stand without fatigue four or five hours, she had drank lemonade, and eaten cake and ice cream to her heart's content, and had come home full of satisfaction, and just enough fatigued to lay her head on her pillow, and drop asleep in her little mob nightcap, her face looking as innocent and tranquil as an infant's. It would seem as if Isabelle's lace cap and plaited ruffles were inimical to sleep, for she in vain resolutely shut her eyes and tried not to think. It is very annoying to have a sleeping partner when we are keeping our night-watch. Isabelle worried through one long hour, sometimes turning, sometimes sighing audibly, sometimes pressing her elegant gold repeater, and, at last, exclaiming, 'Alice, are you asleep?'

Alice started up; 'Did you speak?' said she.

'I only asked if you was asleep.'

'I believe so,' said Alice, and again seemed ready to resume her slumbers without demonstrating any curiosity in her turn to know if Isabelle was asleep.

'I have not closed my eyes to night,' said Isabelle, unwilling to lose the advantage thus gained. 'Come, Alice, do wake up, and let us talk.' Alice, with a good-natured effort roused herself.

'Did you see any body that struck you particularly to-night?' said Isabelle.

'O yes, a number: there was that lady with the gold and scarlet flowers—'

'Poh, I mean gentlemen; did you observe that one that stood by the pier-table while I was dancing there?'

'The one with a bald head?' said Alice.

'A bald head! no; what do you think I care for a bald head? I detest bald heads, they ought to be turned out of company.'

'O, Isabelle,' said Alice, 'don't say so.'

'I suppose,' replied Isabelle, laughing contemptuously, 'you are afraid of being torn to pieces by wild bears, like the little children in the primer, that said, "go up, thou bald head, go."'

'No,' said Alice, 'I am not afraid of that.'

'What then?' inquired Isabelle, struck by the emotion of her voice.

'I was thinking of my father, his head is bald.'

'Well my mother's is not,' said Isabelle; 'so I can't be expected to reverence all the bald heads I see for her sake; and as for her gray hair, we are not called upon now a days to pay honor to it; for the dear old souls

are ashamed of it themselves, and cover it up as carefully as if it was something wicked. I can always frighten mamma out of her wits, by only telling her that these is a lock of her grey hair got down.'

Alice made no reply.

'I suppose,' said Isabelle, 'you think it is not pretty to talk so; well, then, answer my question; did you observe a young gentleman that stood on the left by the pier-table, not with a bald head or white hair, but with locks black and glossy as the raven's wing.'

Alice confessed she did not observe him. 'What is his name?' asked she.—'Moreton, Frank Moreton,' replied Isabelle.

'That is curious,' said Alice; 'he was the only gentleman that spoke to me.'

'What did he say?' said Isabelle, raising herself on her elbow.

'I stood near the window, and some of the ladies asked him to open it, and he said, offering his arm to me, "Let me first find this lady a place where she will be less exposed to the air." There was something so kind and friendly in his manner, that when he was out of hearing, I asked his name, and they told me it was Moreton. I shall always remember it.'

'You amuse me, Alice when you say "kind and friendly," you should say *polite*, that is all that is meant by such things.'

'I suppose it is,' said Alice, in a sleepy voice.

'Well, now,' continued Isabelle, 'I am going to tell you all about him—you must promise not to mention it again—you will promise, won't you?—Yes.—Well, then, you must know he is by far the most elegant young man in company, and mamma thinks he is the only suitable match for me, and his sisters the only good matches for my brother; they are all as rich as *Cæsus*, and one of the first families—you are awake?'

'Yes,' replied Alice.

'Well, he has been very particular in his attentions to me. I can't say that he has actually offered himself, but we understand each other, and, would you believe it, he took exceptions at some trifle, and never came near me this evening, nor asked me to dance! Are you awake?'

Alice made no reply. 'Do you hear?' said Isabelle, laying her hand on her shoulder.

'Yes,' said Alice.

'Now, don't you think it is rather a proof of interest, than indifference?'

'Yes,' again replied Alice.

'Of which?' asked Isabelle; 'do you think it is a proof that he is indifferent to me? Speak!'

Once more Alice compelled herself to say 'Yes,' but it seemed as if her good temper was unable to contend any longer with her drowsiness, for Isabelle in vain urged for an



answer beyond the provoking *yes*, and that became so very malapropos, that Isabelle ceased to converse, and made up her mind that Alice was the most stupid ill-natured creature that ever existed, and as her thoughts were diverted by her resentment from the cause of her wakefulness, she soon followed the example of Alice, and dropped asleep.

Morning brought no increase of serenity to Isabelle. 'I know,' said she, 'the first question mamma will ask me, is who I danced with.' She was mistaken, however. Mrs. Selwyn saw something was wrong, and was careful not to add any new cause of disturbance. The breakfast was joyless and silent; at length the fond mother could no longer suppress her curiosity, and with many a fond endearment she inquired if she enjoyed the evening. 'No, I'm sure I did not,' said Isabelle, 'it was completely stupid, parties are detestable. I never desire to go to another.'

'And you, Alice?' are you too sick of parties?'

'Me? O no, I enjoyed the evening very much.'

'If I have such a stupid time this evening, I am determined I never will go to another party,' said Isabelle.

'Don't say so, darling,' said the fond mother, 'you know Alice depends on seeing a little of the world.'

'Then you must show it to her yourself,' said Isabelle, sullenly.

'It is out of the question for me to go into company, the doctor has forbid my taking the evening air.'

'Don't think of me,' said Alice; 'it is all new to me, I can be happy any where.'

'But, I know,' said Mrs. Selwyn, 'how young people love dancing; did you get as much as you wanted last night, Isabelle?'

'I never sat down once,' said she, in a sullen tone.

'You are always in luck,' said the satisfied mother. 'I suppose Frank was as devoted as ever; and you, Alice, was you fortunate in partners? did not you sit down neither?'

'I did not sit,' said Alice, 'for I saw no seats. I stood and looked on all the evening; nobody asked me to dance, but I could not expect that they would, for I was not acquainted with any body, and I had as much as I could do to see others dance.'

'Well I must say,' said Mrs. Selwyn; 'it is a little strange that you should have enjoyed the evening so much!'

It may be doubted whether she drew any inferences, for her mind was not calculated for much reflection: perhaps, however, she did wonder that Alice without a single fashionable advantage should have returned so happy, and Isabelle with all, so miserable.

When Alice left the room, Mrs. Selwyn said, in a conciliating tone, 'Perhaps, Isabelle,

your dress did not suit you; is there any thing you want?'

'It was not that,' said the young lady.

'At any rate, love, you must go to-night, it won't do to send an apology.'

Isabelle had no serious thoughts of not going, but she now perceived she might make a merit of the matter, and strenuously protested nothing should induce her to go.

'Why, how singular it will look,' said the mother; 'and then there is your new blond gauze, you would be sorry if any one came out in just such a one before you wear it.'

'If they did,' said the young lady, 'I *never* would wear it.'

'Well, my dear,' said Mrs. Selwyn, 'the wisest way is to go to-night, and then you will be, at least, among the first that get the pattern.'

At length, Isabelle was persuaded to consent, with a bad grace, to what she had all along intended to do; at the same time, she assured her mother that if she had as stupid an evening as the one before, Alice must get somebody else to wait upon her.

Again evening arrived, and the two young ladies went through the process of dressing for the ball; Isabelle in her blond and white satin, made in the newest taste, and admirably suited to her fine figure; while Alice meekly unfolded her white muslin dress, shook it, and begged Isabelle to observe how nice she had kept it; 'It really does not look as if I had worn it.' Isabelle could not resist a glance of intelligence at Becky, who simpered in return. Mrs. Selwyn entered when they were dressed, and put a little morocco case into Alice's hand, containing a pair of neat pearl ear-rings; but alas! her ears had never been bored, and they could not be exhibited; the pin, however, that accompanied them was placed in her bosom, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude to Mrs. Selwyn, and perfectly contented with her own dress, because hardly bestowing a thought upon it, she entered the splendid drawing-room of Mrs. Wood.

Perhaps, owing to the charm of novelty, there was something really attractive in the simplicity of Alice's appearance; at least, so thought Moreton, who was one of the gentlemen ushers, and offered her his arm when she entered, hoped she took no cold the evening before, and then turned to Isabelle, who received him but half graciously. As a fashionable, however, his attentions could not be dispensed with, and she so far compromised her resentment at his neglect the evening before, as to engage herself to him the first cotillions.

'Who is that pleasant looking girl you have with you?' said Moreton.

'Her name is Jones,' replied Isabelle; 'she is a protegee of my mother's, fresh from the

country as you perceive; I don't know where she picked her up, on the way side I suppose, where she was growing among brambles and bushes. I brought her with me last night, but I imagine nobody even thought her *'pleasant looking,'* as she was not invited to dance all the evening, and not a gentleman spoke to her; perhaps, you will be knight errant enough to ask her to dance this evening.'

'I have, already,' said Moreton, 'she is engaged to me the next cotillions.'

Isabelle looked surprised; but immediately added, 'How considerate of you: mother will be much obliged.'

Moreton not only danced with Alice himself, but introduced others; and, to her surprise, she found herself engaged again and again. Who that has been initiated in fashionable circles is ignorant of the power of patronage; from the first moment of Moreton's taking Alice out, her fortune, for the evening, was made. She had none of the awkwardness of a rustic-reading, and a good education had given her a proper reliance on herself, and the confidence and good will of her family, and circle of friends, had led her to expect kindness from others.

This happy reliance, which may be truly said to be the birthright of the young and innocent, had protected her from many an offensive weapon, hurled at her by Isabelle. She sometimes thought her blunt, but she could not, for a moment, believe that she designed any rudeness; and what confirmed her in this belief was, that she often replied to her mother just as she did to herself.

The morning after *this* ball was a cheerful one. Isabelle confessed that she enjoyed the evening. 'I knew you would,' said her mother; 'tell me, Alice, how did Isabelle look after she got there?'

'Very well,' said Alice, 'she always looks well.'

This *very well* could not satisfy a beauty, and she said, 'I presume Alice was too much taken up with herself to admire me.'

'You are laughing at me,' replied Alice; 'no, I was not taken up with myself, but, as I danced several times, I could not give you my undivided observation, as I did the evening before.'

'I am glad you found partners, Alice,' said Mrs. Selwyn.

'I took care of that,' said Isabelle, consequentially. 'I spoke to Moreton when I first went in; indeed, I made it a condition, if I danced the first set of cotillions with him, he should dance the second with Alice.'

'It was very good of you, Isabelle,' said Alice, coloring a little; 'but I am really disappointed, for I thought his asking me proceeded from his own kindness.'

'You strangely mistake terms, excuse me,' said Isabelle; 'instead of kindness, you should say politeness.'

'I should apply that term to my other partners,' said Alice; 'but there seems to be such gentleness and good will in Mr. Moreton's manner, that I thought—'

'Yes, yes, I know what you thought,' interrupted Isabelle; 'however, I told him my mother would be much obliged to him for any attentions he paid you; and I should set them down in my memorandum book as paid to myself.'

The animated pleasure with which Alice had begun to talk of the evening, appeared to be somewhat clouded by this conversation, and she remained silent till Mrs. Selwyn said, 'Were you introduced to many ladies Alice?'

'A number,' said Alice; 'Mr. Moreton introduced me to several ladies as well as gentlemen.'

'I dare say that was your *doings*, Isabelle,' said the smiling mother.

'Moreton is a man of the world,' replied Isabelle, shrugging her shoulders, 'we had had a little fracas, but it is all made up now. He knows how to make his peace.'

Evening after evening came, and Isabelle still condescended to go to parties and balls. Alice went through the ceremony of having her ears bored, and sported her pearl earrings. She had much to endure from the caprice and ill-humour of her companion, to which she could be no longer blind, and she sometimes sighed for her own tranquil home, and the tenderness of her parents. There is a charm, however, in gay and fashionable life that the young cannot be expected to resist; it was all new to Alice, and, if for a few moments her serenity was clouded, it soon recovered its usual brightness. But a new source of vexation had arisen to Isabelle; it became evident that Alice was growing popular; her conversation seemed to have a charm that collected the young people round her, and her gay and happy voice, and her innocent laugh, fell on her ear with a jarring sound. Some of her visitors had so little tact as to say they thought Miss Jones really handsome; and, strange as it may appear, Isabelle began to look on her with jealous eyes; and yet, she acknowledged it was incredible that without fortune, dress, fashion, or beauty, she could ever be formidable.

'Pray,' said Isabelle, when she happened to be alone with her mother, 'how long are we to be favored with the immaculate Miss Jones' company? I conclude you asked her for a stipulated time; your debt, I suppose, may be nearly canceled now; at any rate, I don't see why the weight of discharging it should come upon poor innocent me.'

'O, my love,' said the mother, 'you must not be impatient; you know I have told you that Alice's parents were really very kind to me, when—and she hesitated—I had no home.'

'And so,' said Isabelle, 'to perpetuate that agreeable remembrance, you have invited their daughter here; it is certainly not the most pleasant memento to me; but, I suppose it is according to scripture, that the sins of the parents should be visited upon the children. But, I wish to know how much longer she is to stay?'

'I can't exactly say; but, what hurt can she possibly do you? it is your own choice having her in your room; and, to be honest, I think it is rather an advantage having her to go about with you, she is a complete foil.'

'Thank heaven,' replied the young lady, tossing her head, 'I want no such foil.'

'How go on your affairs, love, with Moreton? is he as devoted as ever?' said the mother, glad to change the subject.

'He is so overbearing,' said Isabelle, 'there is no getting along with him.'

'But, he has positively offered himself, has he not?'

'He has not said "will you have me?" if that is what you mean, which I suppose was the delicate way of managing love affairs in your day; but, we understand each other.'

'You know, Isabelle, I have promised you the handsomest set of pearls that Marquand's shop affords, for a bridal present.'

'O, as for that matter, I intend Moreton shall give me my pearls.'

'My own opinion is,' said Mrs. Selwyn, 'that Moreton won't choose you should wear any ornaments but diamonds.'

'If he does not mind his P's and Q's,' said the young lady, 'I shall turn him off.'

'I must say,' said Mrs. Selwyn, with more spirit than usual, 'if you do, you will never have such another offer; but no, you can't be so unwise. I saw the Misses Jenkins go from there, yesterday; they are charming girls.'

'Charming fortunes, I suppose you mean; I think them very ordinary looking girls.'

'As to external appearance, you must not make yourself the standard, Isabelle; but as girls go, they are quite tolerable.'

'Well, I must dress,' exclaimed the young lady, 'for Frank, and poor Ann Moreton, are coming this morning to look over my new collection of pictures that my brother sent; I wish to heaven there was any way of getting rid of Alice; she will engross the conversation; I shall not be able to get a word in edgeways. Can't you go and ride this morning, mamma, and invite her to go with you?'

Mrs. Selwyn opened the window and put her hand out; 'It is an east wind; you know I am forbid going out when the wind is east; but I can ask her to come and sit with me in my room.'

'That will look too particular,' said Isabelle; 'but it is very provoking to have any body always in the way.'

'So it is,' said Mrs. Selwyn; 'but why

don't you tell James not to ask her to come down; she never comes down without she is sent for.'

'Because they will ask for her; and then, Ann made the appointment with her.'

'That alters the case,' said the mother, and the conversation ended.

Nothing could be more *stylish* than the room into which Mrs. Selwyn's visitors were ushered; the splendid pier-glass, the damask sofas and curtains, gave an air not only of luxury, but comfort and sociability. In the center stood a mosaic circular table, covered with annuals, and the popular works of the day; the Edinburgh, North American, and Quarterly Reviews; the various magazines, volumes of poetry, albums, engravings, caricatures, and lithographs.

It would seem as if a modern room could hardly fail of creating intellect; a lady has only to enumerate her articles of furniture to be classical. Her Etruscan vases, her Grecian lamps, her mosaic tables, her bronzed candelabras, her gilded ottomans, her porcelain and marble antique specimens from Herculaneum. Meagre indeed must be the brain that does not shoot forth into some luxuriance among such an assemblage of exciting objects. At least, so thought Alice as she stood looking over the newly arrived prints, and occasionally talking with Moreton. 'What could our poor grandmothers,' exclaimed she, 'have done for conversation! only think how they sat all around the room, pinioned to their high-backed, leather-bottomed chairs, that could hardly be dragged from their position, looking at the sprigs on the carpet, and listening to an old-fashion clock that stood, audibly ticking the hour, in one corner; and was probably the noisiest of the company.'—'One would think,' said Moreton, 'from the minuteness of your description, that you were one of these venerable grandmothers, come back to see the change one or two hundred years has produced.'—'I almost wish I were,' said Alice, with glee, 'it would be such real delight; but I can account for the accuracy of my description without going so far back. Our room at B—is furnished just as I tell you, and remains just as it was a hundred years ago; you cannot imagine what a still, tomb-like looking place it is, when it is in *order*, but I'll take good care that it shall look as if it was inhabited.'

'I should like to see *that room*, Alice,' said Miss Moreton, who had become quite familiar and well acquainted with her.

'So should I, too,' said her brother.

'O,' exclaimed Alice, 'I have not told you half it contains yet.'

'I hope to heavens,' said Miss Selwyn, 'we are not to be regaled any further with an inventory of your grandmother's furniture.'



'No, certainly,' said Alice, her face and neck blushing the deepest scarlet; 'I ought to ask pardon for what I have said; but the thought of home, of my parents—' She stopped, attempted to laugh, and burst into tears.

'My dear Alice!' said Ann Moreton, with a voice of sympathy.

Alice, however, with her handkerchief to her eyes, made her way to the door; it was closed, and Moreton passed her and opened it. When he returned, there was a cloud upon his brow, and no one spoke. At length, Isabelle said, 'Who would have thought of such an affair? if there is any thing on earth I hate, it is *scenes*. Miss Jones has a great fondness for them; she is a complete actress.'

'There was no acting here,' said Moreton, 'it was pure nature.'

'I dare say,' said Ann, 'she is a little home-sick.'

'If she is,' said Isabelle, 'I don't know of any force that compels her to stay.'

The conversation took a different turn; Miss Selwyn exerted herself to be agreeable; and, before they separated, Moreton had almost forgot her sin against Alice. Not so his sister. She said, in a gentle tone, as they walked home, 'Frank, are you too much in love, to see any faults in the woman you admire?'

'No,' replied he, 'I almost wish I were; for there is no misery like loving what we are daily compelled to disapprove.'

'That is all,' said Ann, 'I have nothing more to say; all will go right at last.'

'Yes,' said Moreton; 'she has so much natural good sense, that I am convinced she will do that for herself that she never had a judicious mother to do for her.'

'I have only one question more to ask,' said Ann, 'are you irretrievably engaged?'

'No,' replied he; 'I must feel more confidence; this horrible warfare must cease between my judgment and affection, before I commit myself. But, how beautiful she is, and so full of spirit and animation! there is no still life about her; she has the keenest feelings, the most irritable sensibility.'

'Let us not talk on this subject, brother,' said Ann, 'you have already relieved my heart of a burden.'

It would have been difficult, perhaps, for Isabelle to have defined her own sensations; but, every day her dislike to Alice increased; not a word she uttered but seemed full of design; if she spoke to Moreton on any subject, Miss Selwyn was sure to perceive that she was trying to ingratiate herself in his good opinion. With all the enjoyment that Alice derived from other society, and the apparent kindness of Mrs. Selwyn, Isabelle's conduct became quite insupportable, and she wrote to her mother to request she might

return home. 'I have had just enough experience,' said she, in her letter, 'to convince me that there is no place like home. It is all elegant and splendid here; but I want those good offices that arise from affection; let me once more be with you and my father, and in the midst of my family; once more hear my dear little nephews and nieces call for Aunt Alice; once more feel that I am beloved, with all my faults, and I shall be happy.' But, though Mrs. Selwyn did not dare confess it to her daughter, Alice had been invited for a stipulated time, and all the advantages represented, of society, acquaintance with the world, &c. to induce her parents to consent. The arrangement was for six months, not much more than half that time had expired, and both Mr. and Mrs. Jones thought it was a fit of home-sickness that would pass away; they, therefore, merely replied, that they were as impatient as herself, for the period to arrive when she might return; and, in the meantime, begged her to improve every advantage that her situation afforded, as it was the last time they could part with her for such a visit.

When Alice received the letter, it was a heavy disappointment; but she felt the folly of repining at what was unavoidable, and determined to make the best of her situation. 'Advantages,' thought she, 'I certainly have, that I cannot obtain at home, though not just what my mother means. I might live there a thousand years, and not go through one day of such discipline as I constantly endure here.' She laid down, for herself, her rule of conduct, and while she meant carefully to avoid giving Isabelle any unnecessary cause of irritation, she also determined to act naturally, express her own feelings and opinions, converse with Moreton or any one else that she was disposed to, and on those subjects most congenial to her taste and education. Hitherto she had been restrained by the sarcasms of the young lady from indulging the full flow of her own mind; but it seemed as if a new era had taken place in her character; when called upon for her opinion she gave it fearlessly and with promptitude; and Isabelle's natural good sense led her to discover that Alice was much better informed than herself.

[To be Continued.]

## COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### The Life to Come.

READER, where is there a subject worthier of thy thought? Does science, or literature, does any important event of *this life*, demand such weighty reflection, as 'the life to come?'

Men talk of Death. Essayists prose of Death. Poets paint him as a clattering skele-

ton, with a ready bow, and overflowing quiver. The apocalyptic writer describes a gaunt warrior, on a pale horse, with Hell at his back; and that warrior is Death. A shadow haunts us from our mother's breast to the sepulchre; and that shadow is Death.

Why has Death been regarded a dark and evil angel? He severs spirit from flesh, but how know we that our condition is not bettered by the dissolution? Till we know the results of his agency, why brand him as an ambassador from the Pit! Would it not be as wise, would it not be more philosophic because more conducive to happiness, that we should consider him a minister from Heaven? That we should regard him as a skillful and benevolent leech, administering unpleasant medicine, but restoring health and bliss?—That we should look upon him as the Spring, the budding, fragrant Spring which succeeds the Winter of Life, rather than consider Time a Summer of which Death is the icy desolating termination?

But why apply the term *Death* to the cessation of our physical functions? When the heart is still and the lips move not, and the eye is glazed, why say the man is dead? Man is a compound being, but the *analysis* of that compound into its constituent parts does not involve their *destruction*. Man is a spiritual being, and can the spirit be affected by the alteration of matter? 'There is what must survive.' When I see a leaf fall, when I see a rose, a rich, odorous rose, wilted; methinks, I see *Death*. I mourn; for the leaf will never be gathered to its parent stem, and the rose will be beautiful no more.

How interesting is the subject I have chosen—*The Life to come*. No other topic, of spiritual consideration, has received from men the attention this has secured. It has been of universal and all absorbing interest. Men have sought to penetrate the future, to determine the destinies of the deathless spirit, to portray the unrevealed scenes and deeds of eternity. Some have pretended to communications from the omniscient, and they write eloquently of a land with thrones and cities of gold and gardens of unchanging bloom, and harpers, and houries, but they differ among themselves, and absurdity may be traced upon all their claims. The great source of our interest is the inscrutable mystery with which all beyond the grave is veiled. Curiosity, baffled at every avenue, has become inconceivably ardent, for curiosity, the less successful, is the more persevering. In vain we cry, 'oh that some courteous ghost would blab it out!' No courteous ghost has blabbed it out, nor is there a prospect that any ever will. Conjecture hovers over the unknown and unmeasured gulf, but returns unsatisfied and with a weary wing. We stand by the couch of a dying man, we catch his

thoughts, we perceive his *mind* in his eye, in his lip, in his features, and then, he becomes lifeless, and we bend over the callous clay, and fatigue ourselves with wondering *where* his spirit is. Our bodies also must be tabernacled in dust, the worms will carouse upon our forms, 'tis denounced against us, but *where* shall we wander? To what receptacle of being shall we be transferred? Will we inhabit some solitary star, which is now brightening a distant part of the universe? or will we tenant a spiritual mansion, and be no more affected by objects of sight, or hearing, or sense, unsusceptible to the music of voice and harp, to beauty and to pleasure? Shall our intellectual strength and treasures be invigorated and enlarged, until we eclipse the angels in stature and glory?

The tree of knowledge,

'Was a lying tree—for we *know* nothing.

At least it *promised* knowledge at the price

Of Death—but *knowledge* still: but what *knows* man?

Our existence, the permission of evil. Death, so called, the character of God, all are mysterious now, but we expect their developement in the life to come. Is it wonderful that we should regard the period of these disclosures with wakeful, intense interest?

But let not this interest be cast upon the waters in vain? It is the duty of every rational man to prepare for his exit from the world. Let that man tremble, who refuses obedience to reason and conscience. They are the representatives of the wisdom and the goodness of the Deity. They hold the citadel of the mind and the heart. How potent is their voice, when sin tempts, and passion storms. With what certainty do they conduct to honor and happiness. We are safe then in following their guidance—It has blessed us in this life, and as the spirit changes not in death, will it not bless us in the Life to come?

Y.

For the Rural Repository.

#### Evening.

THERE is a peculiar sweetness, in our evening contemplations. When the day has passed—the bustle of the town is o'er—and the canopy of Heaven is illumined by a thousand brilliant tapers—when the resplendent moon is stalking forth in all its majesty, decked in its richest jewels, throwing its silver mantle o'er the earth—when the king of day is hid by yonder mountain—then is the sweetest moment for reflection afforded by our transient life. Our hearts are then open to the contemplation of nature. We review the day that has just closed and bring back fresh to our memories the scenes that have awaited us. Our thoughts pass to some friend dearer than our own lives with whom we have spent days and weeks—with whom we have held sweet communion, and in whose

presence we have taken exquisite delight. And when our friends are grasped by the cold hand of death, and carried hence to be here no more, their memory is preserved, sweetened and cherished by our evening reflections. It is then that we can contemplate and admire the heavenly influence of religion upon our own hearts and upon the world—meditate on future glory and long to leave this abode of sin and mingle with the more blessed spirits around the throne. It fits us for our evening devotions, for the slumbers of the night, and prepares us for the business of the coming day.

E. S. P.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### James Fennimore Cooper, Esq.

THE return of this distinguished novelist to his native country, after so long an absence, and the anticipatory pleasure his admirers have in his forth-coming work, 'The Headsman,' may add to the esteem in which he is held among us; and may warrant a brief notice of him.

Cooper is a native of New-Jersey, having been born in 1758, at Burlington, on the Delaware, where his father then resided, but from which the family soon afterwards removed. His father, William Cooper, was a native of Bucks county, Penn. and had been taught, and practised the trade of a cabinet maker, till his removal to the state of N. York, where his acquisition of land and wealth procured him the acquisition of influence and of office: for he became a judge in his neighborhood, the banks of the Otsego lake—graphically described by his son in his 'Pioneers.'

His early education was superintended by the Rev. M. Donald, of Cooperstown; but he was soon placed under the tuition of the present President of Union College at Schenectady—preparatory to his being admitted into Yale College. Having passed through his studies there with credit, he entered into the merchant service—and made some coasting voyages, and it is said some foreign; but in what capacity, we have not ascertained.

The merchant service of the sea not being consonant to the ardency of his feeling or the emulation of his mind, he procured a warrant as midshipman in the navy; but it does not appear that he either rose or sought to rise higher; although it is evident that in that station he had rendered himself conversant with nautical science and subjects.

Disliking the inactive service consequent upon the peace of 1815, he returned home; and commenced his career of authorship—fortunately striking out for himself a new path to fame and profit; but unfortunately finding his first work, 'Precaution,' almost stillborn from the apathy of his countrymen—who did

not notice it, till their sentiments were but the enfeebled echoes of transatlantic praises: for Britain first taught us to estimate the worth of our novelist, as she has since taught us properly to appreciate his afterworks; and shown our novelist how and why he failed in some of them. She received him with courtesy and treated him with candor; while we at first neglected or derided his early efforts, and have ridiculously lauded his latter.

'The Spy' followed; and much as it is now justly esteemed, the publisher at first found it almost a dead weight on his hands. But again the British critics perceived, acknowledged, and enforced the merits of this work also; and their decided commendation was decisive with us. We shall not enter into the respective merits of his works; but it may be interesting to know the order and time of the publication of each of his works. Thus 'Precaution' was published the first, but date not known; 2d. The Spy was published in 1821; 3d. Pioneers, 1823; 4th. Pilot, 1824; 5th. Sir Lionel Lincoln, 1825; 6th. Last of the Mohicans, 1826; 7th. Prairie, 1827; 8th. Red Rover, 1828; 9th. Notes of a Traveling Bachelor, 1829; 10th. Wept-of-the-Wishton-wish, 1830; 11th. Water Witch, 1831; 12th. Bravo, 1832; 13th. Heidenmauer, 1832; and 14th, soon, 'The Headsman of Berne,' by Carey & Co. of this city. These works have been translated into most of the modern languages of Europe; and are welcomed into every library.

Mr. Cooper was formerly our Consul at Lyons, and lately our Charge d'Affaires at Paris.—*Philadelphia Sentinel*.

#### MISCELLANY.

##### Arabian Horses.

When the Arab falls from his mare, and is unable to rise, she will immediately stand still and neigh until assistance arrives. If he lies down to sleep, as fatigue often compels him, in the midst of the Desert, she stands watchful over him, and neighs and rouses him if either man or beast approaches. An old Arab had a valuable mare that had carried him for fifteen years in many a hard fought battle, and many a rapid weary march; at length, eighty years old, and unable longer to ride her, he gave her and a scimitar, that had been his father's, to his eldest son, and told him to appreciate their value, and never lie down to rest until he had rubbed them both as bright as a looking-glass. In the first skirmish in which the young man was engaged he was killed, and the mare fell into the hands of the enemy.—When the news reached the old man, he exclaimed that, 'life was no longer worth preserving, for he had lost both his son and his mare, and he grieved for one as much as the other,' and he immediately sickened and died.



Man, however, is an inconsistent being. The Arab who thus lives with and loves his horses, regarding them as his most valuable treasure sometimes treats them with a cruelty scarcely to be believed, and not at all to be justified. The severest treatment which the English race-horse endures is gentleness compared with the young Arabian. Probably the filly has never before been mounted; she is led out, her owner springs on her back, goads her over the sand and rocks of the desert at full speed for fifty or sixty miles without one moment's respite. She is then forced steaming and panting, into water deep enough for her to swim. If immediately after this, she will eat as if nothing had occurred, her character is established, and she is acknowledged to be a genuine descendant of the *Kochtani* breed. The Arab is not conscious of the cruelty which he thus inflicts. It is an invariable custom, and custom will induce us to inflict many a prank on those who, after all, we love.

Ibrahim, a poor and worthy Arab, unable to pay a sum of money which he owed was compelled to allow a merchant of Rama to become a partner with him in a valuable mare. When the time came he could not redeem his pledge to this man, and the mare was sold. Her pedigree could be traced on the side of sire and dam for full five hundred years. The price was three hundred pounds, an enormous sum in that country. Ibrahim went frequently to Rama to inquire after his mare; he would embrace her, wipe her eyes with his handkerchief,—rub her with his shirt sleeves, and give her a thousand benedictions during the whole hours that he remained talking to her.—‘My eyes!’ would he say to her, ‘My soul! my heart! must I be so unfortunate as to have thee sold to so many masters, and not keep thee myself? I am poor, my antelope! I brought thee up in my dwelling as my child. I did never beat nor chide thee: I caressed thee in the proudest manner. God preserve thee, my beloved! thou art beautiful, thou art lovely, God defend thee from envious eyes!’

**THE GOLD WATCH.**—I have now in my hand a gold watch, which combines embellishment and utility in happy proportions, and is usually considered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain, and case, are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, the topaz, the sapphire, the emerald. I open it, and find that the works, without which this elegantly chased case would be a mere shell—those hands motionless—and these figures without meaning, are made of brass. I investigate farther, and ask, what is the spring, by which all these works are put in motion, made of? I am told that it is made of steel. I ask

what is steel? The reply is that it is iron, which has undergone a certain process. So then I find that the main spring, without which the watch would be motionless, and its hands, figures, and embellishments but toys, is not of gold, that is not sufficiently good—nor of brass, that would not do—but of iron. Iron is, therefore, the only precious metal; and this gold watch is an apt emblem of society. Its hands and figures, which tell the hour, resemble the master spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is occasionally directed. Its useless but sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topazes and embellishments, the aristocracy. Its works of brass the middle classes, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master spirits of the age are moved; and its iron main spring, shut up in a box, constantly at work, but never thought of, except when it is disordered, or wants winding up, symbolizes the laborious classes, which are ignorantly and superciliously mis-called the lower classes, which like the main-spring, are wound up by the payment of wages; which classes are shut up in obscurity, and though constantly at work, and absolutely necessary to the movements of society, as the iron main-spring is to the gold watch, are never thought of except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other.

**I’LL TAKE YOUR MEASURE?**—At the time when the yellow fever raged at New Orleans, a friend of ours was there; and, while standing at the door of a hotel, a fellow approaching him with a yardstick, attempted to take his length. He was asked what he was about? ‘Only taking your measure for a coffin, Sir,’ was the reply.—‘A coffin! Go about your business, Sir, when I want one, I will give you reasonable notice.’

**THE MODEST DUN.**—Ned Roundy left a demand with a lawyer for collection, with directions to have a letter sent before any suit was commenced. ‘What shall I write about it?’ said the lawyer. To which Ned replied, ‘why, your honor will please begin a little moderate in the matter, just calling him an accursed spalpeen and negligent puppy, and so coming on sharper till ye reach to the bottom of the chapter.’

## The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1833.

**MISS EDGEWORTH’S WORKS.**—The seventh volume of the stereotype edition of Miss Edgeworth’s tales and novels has just been issued from the press of the Messrs. Harpers, New-York. Its contents are ‘Leonora,’ ‘A Series of Letters’ and ‘Patronage.’ Two volumes more will complete the publication of the works of this deservedly popular writer.

**THE HISTORY OF CHARLEMAGNE.**—The history of this celebrated monarch, by G. P. R. James, is intended as the first of a series of lives of the great men of France, and is the sixty-ninth number of Harper’s Family Library.

**SKETCHES OF TURKEY IN 1831 AND 1832.**—The Messrs. Harpers have also published a most interesting and instructive volume of travels with the above title. The following amusing extract shows the ignorance of foreigners respecting America and Americans;

‘No pictures are more frequent in Turkey, than these vile coloured French prints, emblematical of the four quarters of the globe. In these, of course, America figures with her feathers, bow and quiver, and hence the idea has been adopted that we, as Americans, must necessarily wear these ornaments and arms. A friend, who has just returned from Russia, informs me, that at Moscow, he was asked in a large circle, where he was introduced as an American, to put on his real dress, and appear there the next evening with his paint, bow and arrows.’ p. 323.

### Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

N. W. Thomas, P. M. Rose Valley, N. Y. \$2.00; J. S. Lockwood, Portland, N. Y. \$0.75; B. Spring, P. M. Gay-head, N. Y. \$1.00; T. G. Yeomans, Walworth, N. Y. \$1.00; E. Stone, Acra, N. Y. \$1.00; A. M. Mills, Mottville, Ms. \$1.00; W. Pool, East Abington, Ms. \$1.00; A. Webb, South Rutland, N. Y. \$1.00; L. F. Whitney, West Aven, N. Y. \$1.00; E. Rishy, Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; A. Eaton, Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; L. H. Nichols, Canajoharie, N. Y. \$5.00; J. T. Merrill, South Lee, Ms. \$1.00; B. T. Hoxie, D. Osband, A. Ward, M. Aldrich & S. V. Mallory, each \$1.00, Macedon Center, N. Y. \$5.00; D. H. Wellington, Troy, N. Y. \$3.00; P. Mowry, Nelson, N. Y. \$1.00; Walter C. Helme, Gilboa, N. Y. \$1.00; Uriah L. Davis, Spencerstown, N. Y. \$1.00.

### SUMMARY.

**DROWNING THE TEA.**—It is stated in the Otsego Republican, that there is yet living, in that county, one of the gallant band who threw the cargo of British tea overboard in Boston harbor, sixty years ago. His name is George R. T. Hewes. He was born in Boston, in the year 1734, and is consequently ninety-nine years of age. He is believed to be the only surviving member of the memorable tea party referred to.

London papers of 31st of July announce the death of the Hon. William Wilberforce, in the 74th year of his age; ‘a name,’ says a London journal, ‘with which there is probably associated more of love and veneration than ever fell to the lot of any single individual throughout the civilized globe.’

The United States frigates, United States and Constellation, sailed from Trieste on the 11th of August—destination unknown.

Letters have been received from the whale ship Washington, of Hudson, N. Y. dated at sea, May 20, 1833, latitude 4 15 south, longitude 1 12 west, with 1480 barrels of Sperma Oil, wanting 220 more to fill up, which Capt. Barret expected to obtain by the last of July. The Washington may be expected home by the first of January next. The crew were all well.



### MARRIED.

In this city, on Thursday evening, the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Leonard Winslow to Mrs Abigail Ranney, all of this place.

At Austerlitz, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Osborn, Mr. Elijah Whitney, to Miss Cornelia L. Pratt, daughter of Erasmus Pratt, Esq.

In Stockport, on Saturday the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Mr. Stephen Mercer, to Miss Mary Carter, all of that place.

In Claverack, on the 2d inst. Mr. Henry R. Curtiss, of East Abington, Mass. to Miss Salome H. Studley, of Claverack, N. Y.

### DIED.

In this city, on Friday the 4th inst. Mr. James Sharp, aged 38 years.

On the 3d inst. Harriet A. Noyes, aged 24 years.

Lately, at Sidney, N. B. Tunis Reppenbark, aged 163. He was one of the combatants engaged under the walls of Quebec, when Wolfe and Montcalm fell.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## Autumn.

'The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year.'  
BRYANT.

As bends the child o'er beauty's dying breath,  
While blooms the rose upon her faded cheek,  
So, painted in the hectic flush of death,  
Sweet Autumn, we a solemn vigil keep;  
The dirge-like echoes of thy winds bespeak  
The dying hills on Nature's ample breast,  
As sad and mournful through the trees they creep,  
Waking the crumpled leaves from deathly rest.  
When falling down the blue and holy west,  
Bright burns the sun with garish rays of light,  
Each snowy cloud receives a crimson crest,  
That holds till earth is deepen'd o'er by night;—  
So nature gives to woods a golden hue—and bright  
As ever ting'd the cloud—when chilling blasts appear,  
Catching the glowing glories from our sight,  
And fling their night upon the colors of the year.

No song is heard within thy forest halls,  
The forest rill has lost its merry tone,  
No tender zephyr on thy foliage falls,  
But all thy groves stand silent and alone,  
As though sweet music there was never known—  
Aye—light, and life, and song have ceased to be,  
And, save the wind, that stirs with hollow moan  
Have passed away with all their revelry.

The brown old chief hath sat beneath thy boughs,  
In those past years, lit up by fancy's ray,  
And felt the tender fire his breast arouse,  
As by his side thy leaflets fell away;—  
Piled at his feet a crop of colors lay,  
Retaining all their rich and gorgeous hue,  
While struggling down, a beam from upper day,  
A faint and sickly light upon him threw.

But now, alas! his leaves of life are shed,  
And he has laid him down on Nature's breast;  
His race, like thine, are withered, shrunk and dead,  
And, broken up, tread o'er the mighty west;—  
And naught remains of all they once possess'd,  
But the broad hills and stately flowing streams—  
These are their monuments—and they invest  
Them with a being bright as morning's beams.

In Autumn's eve, when all is cool and still,  
And stars are thick, to watch the night away,  
I love to see the blue and spangled hill,  
Along the north, lit up by curious play,  
When northern lights their flaming spears display—  
Shoot o'er the stars and kiss the zenith's line,  
Dart round, and form in battle's fierce array,  
Their downward flash, departing as they shine.

There is an eloquence, soft and sadly sweet,  
That melts along the heart in Autumn's hour,  
When rainbow colors in the forest meet,  
With grand, yet melancholy power,  
And birds sing lonely in each wither'd bower;—  
The beautiful of earth should pass with thee,  
And, ere the skies begin to fret and lower,  
Drop in the portals of eternity.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And now I think when Autumn's turf was broke,  
In other years, to lay away my all—  
The hills were red—the cooling zephyrs woke  
The solemn stillness of my mother's pall—  
She faded with the world—as, dying, fall  
The leaves upon the bosom of the earth—  
She felt—how Spring could not her soul recall—  
Her flowers came forth with an immortal birth. X.  
Hudson, October, 1833.

For the Rural Repository.

## To a Friend,

Upon leaving forever his native land.

Has home no pleasures left for thee—  
No joys—no hopes—affections dear?  
No hallowed scenes—where oft in glee,  
Thy young heart drank of fountains clear?  
Have these all vanish'd by a spell—  
These left thee with thy pilgrim feet?  
It cannot be—thy thoughts must dwell  
On cherish'd forms, no more to greet!

The sunshine that in youthful hours,  
Beam'd on thy path with ceaseless glow—  
The mirthful sports—'mid sainted bow'rs,  
Ere care had stamped thy thoughtless brow,  
Are but the fleeting things of earth—  
Shadows—that dissipate by day—  
Dreams—that in youth we call to birth—  
Flowers—that bloom to fade away!

The tiny brook that pass'd thy door,  
In murmur'ing sweetness still flows on—  
The nightingale its rich notes pour  
O'er vales where once thy steps have gone—  
Thy father's halls still yet resound  
To notes of revelry and mirth;  
But thou art gone—no joyful sound  
Of pleasure, thou awak'st to birth!—

Yes—thou art gone!—and fare-thee-well—  
No more these eyes shall rest on thee;  
No more, as erst, my soul can dwell  
On times when thy young heart was free!  
Yes—fare-thee-well!—though far away,  
Remembrance will thy virtues tell;  
As through life's mazes I may stray,  
I'll think of thee—Farewell! Farewell!—

THRASO.

Kinderhook, September, 1833.

For the Rural Repository.

## Song—My Fleet Gray Steed.

Translated from the Arabic.

BY GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS LOVEFACE, GENT.

My fleet gray steed! the swift gazelle,  
By Afric's fierce Hyæna driven,  
Not nimbler bounds o'er bush and fell,  
Than thou to reach my tent at even;  
Where 'neath the date tree's waving shade,  
I love but thee and my Arab maid.

My fleet gray steed! the caravan  
Is burdened now with silks and wine,  
The guards are sleeping, to a man;  
I'd make their costly treasures mine:  
Not mine, but Zida's, and for thee  
Shall corn in rich profusion be.

My fleet gray steed! thou oft hast flown  
To bear me soon to Zida's bower;  
Where loving, blushing, and alone,  
We blest have spent the happy hour;  
While thou, my steed, didst patient wait,  
Untethered, at my Zida's gate.

My fleet gray steed! in peace or war  
Thou e'er hast been a guard to me,  
Hast borne me on, without a scar,  
To Allah's field of victory.  
And, by the Prophet! thou didst fly  
Like lightning gleaming from the sky.

My fleet gray steed! the sun has set,  
And drown'd his taper in the sea;  
But Luna's beams are gilding yet  
In loveliness both brake and lea,  
The cushat warbles from the thorn,—  
My Arab steed, repose till morn.  
Pine Orchard, September 14, 1833.

From the Lady's Book.

## The Autumn Rose.

THE foliage on the Autumn hills.  
With wrinkled age is withering fast,  
And fills the unrefreshing rills  
Obedient to the wizard blast:  
No requiem note the song-bird swells  
O'er the dead Summer's twilight spells.  
That season's beams which sank away,  
Not like the Winter's sickly sun,  
But richly melting ray by ray  
Till day and twilight seemed but one;  
They're gone with Summer's fragrant breath,  
And darkness comes—the child of death.  
And all the love-inspiring flow'rs,  
Like Beauty's eyes, illumining  
With smiles, this weary world of ours,  
Have died beneath the Winter's wing:  
All—save that rose, so lone and mild,  
The buried Summer's orphan child.  
Sweet flower! in every leaf of thine  
A page of human life I see;  
Thou liv'st to mourn that day's decline,  
When all thy kindred bloom'd like thee,—  
Wept with thy tears or by thy side  
Laugh'd in the Summer's morning pride.

How many emblems dost thou show  
Of blighted hope and fickle dream—  
A dying bliss—a living woe,  
Waiting till time's advancing stream,  
Unwasted by eternal toil,  
Shall add thy beauty to his spoil.  
But thou resemblest most, sweet rose!  
The maiden girl, belov'd—betray'd—  
Abandon'd in her tears to those  
Who give nor sympathy nor aid—  
Who sigh o'er all thy beauties past;  
But woo the living while they last.  
It is a pain, when Winter frowns  
Upon our fortunes to survive;  
And welcome is the death which drowns  
The pangs that we endure, alive.  
And oh! 'tis bliss indeed to know  
That death *must* come—for weal or woe!

ALPHA.

## WANTED

At this Office, a smart, active lad, from 12 to 14 years of age

## THE RURAL REPOSITORY

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